

SEPTEMBER

10¢

NO. 70

Real

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication



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FOR THE STRAIGHTEST SHOOTERS
OF THE WILD WEST



SNOOTIE, 40-in. wing span free-flight contest gas model. Designed especially for the popular Arden .099 engine. Easy to build. Plan No. 370, 50 cents.



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Real WESTERN HERO

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A Fawcett Publication

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MONTE HALE

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PLUS: STIRRING WESTERN SHORT FEATURES

YOUNG FALCON

AND: AN EXCITING RED ROAN SHORT STORY

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

September, 1948. Vol. 12, No. 70

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

HOPALONG CASSIDY

TWIN
RIVER
BANK... STARRING ...
WILLIAM BOYDTHE LAND
GRAB

IN THE DAYS
OF THE
WILD WEST
THERE WAS
LAND APLENTY
FOR EVERYONE.
BUT WHEN
SCHEMING
LAND GRABBERS
TRY TO TURN
MEN OUT OF
THEIR HOMES,
SHERIFF
HOPALONG
CASSIDY
COMES
TO THE
RESCUE!



IN THE OFFICE OF JOHN SLOAN, PRESIDENT OF THE TWIN RIVER BANK

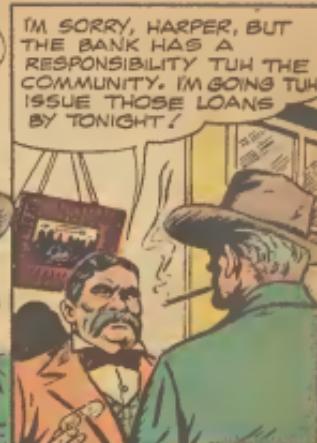
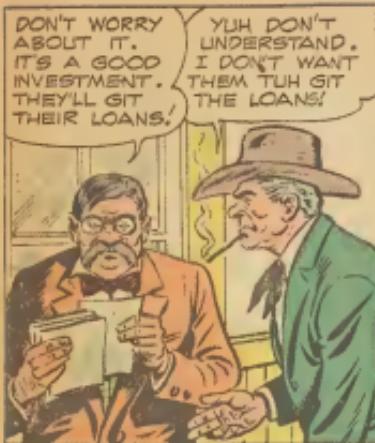
MR. SLOAN, I UNDERSTAND
THE RANCHERS UP
NORTHERN VALLEY
WAY HAVE ASKED YUH
FER LOANS. WHAT
DO YUH INTEND TUH
DO ABOUT IT?

WHY DO
YUH WANT
TUK KNOW,
HARPER?

I HOLD A MORTGAGE ON
EVERY ONE OF THOSE RANCHES.
THE MORTGAGES ARE DUE
NEXT WEEK, AND THE RANCHERS WON'T
BE ABLE TUH PAY ME IF THEY
DON'T GIT LOANS
FROM YUH.



REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO

IT'S AFTER BUSINESS HOURS,
BUT COME ON IN, HARPER!

I CAME TUH ASK YUH ONCE
MORE NOT TUH LEND THOSE
RANCHERS THE MONEY!

THEN YUH COULD'VE
SAVED YORESELF
THE TRIP!

GO TUH WORK, BOYS!
I GAVE HIM HIS
CHANCE!

THET OUGHTA
SHOW THE CRITTER
I MEAN
BUSINESS!

GIT HIM ON THE HOSS
AND WE'LL TAKE HIM
AWAY. THE BANK
CAIN'T MAKE LOANS
WITHOUT MR. SLOAN!

I'LL BLOW UP THE BANK
WITH THIS DYNAMITE
AND MAKE IT LOOK
AS IF IT WUZ A
ROBBERY!



IN HIS OFFICE,
SHERIFF HOPALONG
CASSIDY HEARS
THE EXPLOSION.

WHUT'S
THET?

THAT SOUNDED
LIKE AN EXPLOSION!
COME ON,
MESQUITE!

IT'S THE
BANK!

BOOM!



SEE IF
ANYONE
WAS HURT!

RIGHT!



NO SIGNS OF ANYONE AROUND
HYAR, LUCKY THING THAR WUZ
NO ONE IN THE BANK.



YOU GO ON UP TO
BANKER SLOAN'S
HOUSE AND TELL HIM
ABOUT THE EXPLO-
SION. I WANT TO
POKE AROUND HERE
AND LOOK FOR
CLUES.



REAL WESTERN HERO

A SHORT TIME LATER---

MR. SLOAN
ISN'T HOME
AND HE
HASN'T BIN
HOME ALL
DAY!

I WAS AFRAID
OF THAT! NO
ONE IN TOWN
KNOWS WHERE
HE IS.

THERE WAS NO MONEY
STOLEN FROM THE BANK
SAFE, SO THAT EXPLOSION
MUST HAVE SOMETHING
TO DO WITH MR. SLOAN'S
DISAPPEARANCE!

IF WE CAN FIND OUT
WHO WANTED TO GET
RID OF MR. SLOAN, WE
HAVE THE ANSWER!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN
NORTHERN VALLEY---

THET'S RIGHT, SHERIFF!
I SHORE HOPE YUH FIND
MR. SLOAN. IF I DON'T
GIT A LOAN FROM HIM,
ZACH HARPER IS AGONNA
FORECLOSE ON MUH
LAND!

MUCH
OBLIGED
TO YOU,
TIM!

I CAME OUT TO NORTHERN VALLEY
BECAUSE I KNOW ALL THESE
RANCHERS WERE
EXPECTING
LOANS FROM,
MR. SLOAN.



AND THESE RANCHERS LEAD
TO ONLY ONE SUSPECT. I'M
GOING TO VISIT ZACH
HARPER!



SOON---

HOWDY, SHERIFF!
WHUT BRINGS YUH
OUT TUH THIS
NECK OF THE
WOODS?



REAL WESTERN HERO

I'M LOOKING FOR BANKER SLOAN! HE DISAPPEARED FROM TOWN YESTERDAY!

AND I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS DISAPPEARANCE!

WHAT ARE YUH TALKIN' ABOUT! MR. SLOAN DIDN'T DISAPPEAR. HE'S VISITIN' ON MUH RANCH!



HE'S TRAPPIN' AND HUNTNIN' ON MUH LAND RIGHT NOW. C'MON, LET'S GO SEE HIM!



A WHILE LATER...

SLOAN IS USING THIS OLD CAVE AS A CAMPING GROUND. C'MON, LET'S GO IN!



IF MR. SLOAN IS IN THERE, I'VE GOT TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



REAL WESTERN HERO





REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO

SUDDENLY---

WHUT
WUZ---



HOLD ON, MEN! THAT'S RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TUH THE BANK LAND OVER AND I'LL SEE TO HARPER! THAT YUH EACH GIT THE LOAN YUH NEED!



IT'S HOPALONG CASSIDY AND BANKER SLOAN!

HOPALONG, I WARNED YUH TUH STAY OUT OF MUH BUSINESS!



THIS IS A LITTLE BUSINESS OF MY OWN I'M ATTENDING TO!

POW!



LATER---AT THE TWIN RIVER JAIL---

HARPER WASN'T SATISFIED UNLESS HE HAD ALL THE LAND IN THE VALLEY, BUT HE'LL HAVE TO BE SATISFIED WITH THAT SMALL CELL FOR A LONG WHILE!



OZZIE



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

Real
WESTERN HERO

Follow the daffy adventures of the DIZZY, DATIN', DUO
OZZIE and BABS

in

OZZIE
and BABS

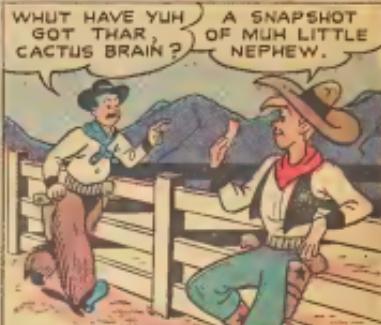
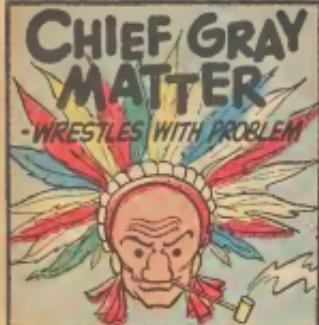
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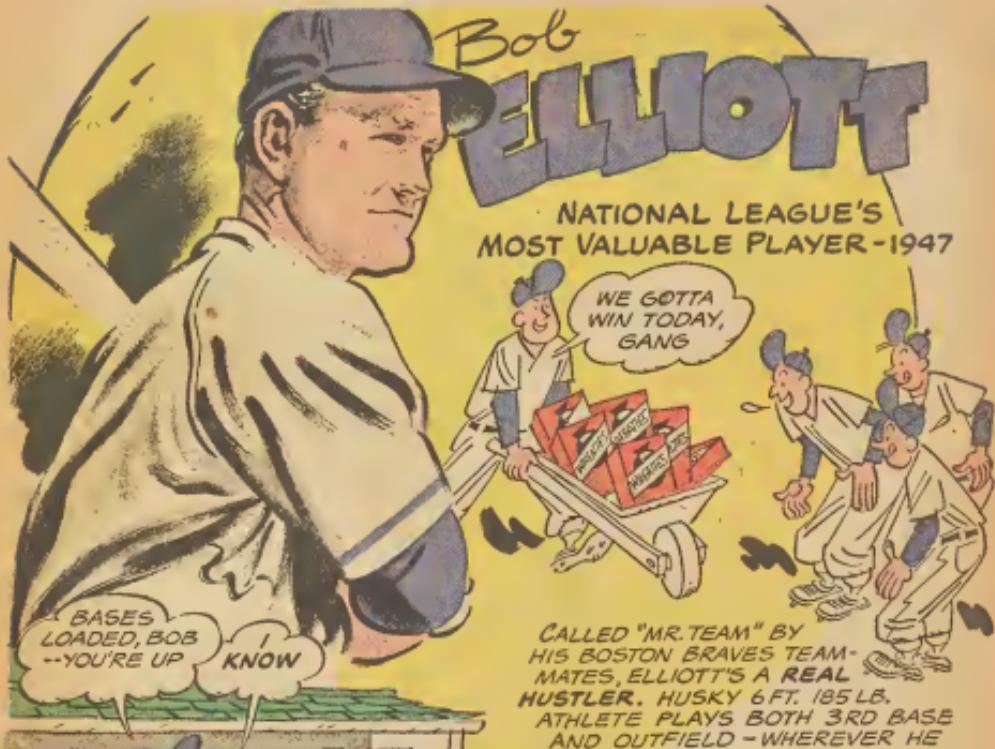
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BABS





REAL WESTERN HERO
ADVERTISEMENT



NATIONAL LEAGUE'S
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER-1947

CALLED "MR. TEAM" BY
HIS BOSTON BRAVES TEAM-
MATES, ELLIOTT'S A REAL
HUSTLER. HUSKY 6 FT. 185 LB.
ATHLETE PLAYS BOTH 3RD BASE
AND OUTFIELD - WHEREVER HE
CAN HELP HIS TEAM MOST.



A MURDEROUS HITTER IN THE CLUTCH,
"BUSTIN' BOB" KNOCKED IN 1 1/3 RUNS LAST
YEAR FROM CLEANUP SLOT IN BRAVES
LINEUP. ALSO BOASTED .317 BATTING
AVERAGE, AND SLAMMED 22 HOME-RUNS
--FOR NATIONAL LEAGUE'S FINEST
ALL-AROUND PERFORMANCE.

"I'VE BEEN EATING WHEATIES
--'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'
--FOR OVER TEN YEARS," SAYS BOB
ELLIOTT. "THEY'RE WHOLESOME
-NOURISHING - AND PACK LOTS OF
SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES,
WITH MILK AND FRUIT, TO ANY ATHLETE AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH."

BETTER TRY
WHEATIES, FELLAS

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

YOUNG FALCON

CALM LAY OVER THE CAMP OF THE PROUD, PEACE-LOVING TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, WHEN SUDDENLY, WITH SAVAGE FEROCITY----

KILL --- KILL
THEM ALL ---!
LET NONE
ESCAPE!

IT IS ---
UUUH...



AND WITH HIS SON, YOUNG FALCON, THE OLD CHIEF PREPARES TO DEFEND HIMSELF AND HIS PEOPLE ---

'TIS THAT OUTCAST, BLACKMOON AND HIS EVIL FOLLOWERS! QUICK, YOUNG FALCON --- MY TOMAHAWK. HERE HE COMES,

HERE, FATHER. THOSE DEVILS HAVE CAUGHT OUR PEOPLE BY SURPRISE. THEY SLAUGHTER US!

EVIL OUTCAST... DID WE NOT JUST SIGN A PACT WITH YOU, TO ADMIT YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS BACK INTO THE TRIBE?

TRUSTING FOOLS---! NOW WE SHALL TAKE THE TRIBAL TOTEM FOR OUR OWN!

BLACKMOON'S WORDS RING TRUE AS THE UNWARY TRIBE IS MASSACRED BY THE SAVAGE ATTACKERS---



AND SOON, THE OLD CHIEF ALSO LIES DYING...

FATHER---I WILL HIDE YOU IN THE BRUSH. NOT ONE OF OUR TRIBE REMAINS ALIVE!

YOUNG FALCON, MY SON--- I--I AM GOING THE WAY OF THE GREAT SPIRIT! YOU ALONE ARE LEFT. YOU MUST GET THE TRIBAL TOTEM FROM OUR MURDERERS.

IT IS OUR EMBLEM AND WILL PROVE YOUR RIGHT TO RESTORE THE TRIBE, SOMEDAY. BLACKMOON MUST NOT KEEP IT IN HIS FALSE HANDS! NOW GOOD-BY, MY SON ---

GOOD-BY, FATHER....FARE- WELL, OH, GREAT CHIEF ...!



BLACKMOON SHALL PAY FOR THIS! HE'LL NOT KEEP THE TRIBAL TOTEM TO LAY FALSE CLAIM AS RIGHTFUL CHIEF OF THE THREEFEATHERS! I SWEAR IT!



MEANWHILE, BLACKMOON, LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS OUTCASTS, REJOICES.

AT LAST---THE TRIBAL TOTEM! IT IS MINE...ALL MINE!



WHEN SUDDENLY, LIKE THE SWIFT BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, YOUNG FALCON'S LITHE FORM, STREAKS

THROUGH THE AIR...



YOUR BOASTING WILL BE SHORT-LIVED, BLACKMOON!

WA--?



THE TRIBAL TOTEM IS
RIGHTFULLY MINE---
GIVE IT TO ME,
DOG!

NEVER---!
HELP---
UUUUGH!



THERE!
THAT WILL
SILENCE YOUR
LYING TONGUE!
AND NOW FOR
THE TRIBAL
TOTEM.

REAL WESTERN HERO

BUT JUST AS YOUNG FALCON REACHES FOR THE PRECIOUS TRIBAL TOTEM



I HAVE HIM, BLACKMOON. HE IS THE LAST OF THEM ALIVE! HE MISSED DEATH WITH THE OTHERS.



AND SOON AFTER--

I WON'T HONOR YOU BY KILLING YOU MYSELF. I LEAVE YOU FOR THE WILD BEASTS AND VULTURES WHO WILL BE HERE QUICK ENOUGH. THE OLD TRIBE IS DONE WITH---LONG LIVE THE NEW CHIEF---BLACKMOON!



BUT ONCE LEFT ALONE, YOUNG FALCON TWISTS AND SQUIRMS ACROSS THE GROUND UNTIL ---



YOUNG FALCON FEVERISHLY RUBS HIS BONDS UPON THE ARROWHEAD ---



THERE---I'M FREE! NOW TO GO AFTER BLACKMOON AND REGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM.



YOUNG FALCON RACES TO A LEDGE OVERLOOKING A SWIFT RIVER TO SEE ---



WITH THIS VOW ON HIS LIPS, WE LEAVE YOUNG FALCON FOR NOW. BE SURE TO FOLLOW HIS THRILL-FILLED ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH AS HE FOLLOWS EVIL BLACKMOON TO REGAIN THE HIGHLY-PRIZED TRIBAL TOTEM!

GIRLS!-BOYS! Get This New

BEANIE 'COPTER

Only 25¢

with any wrapper from
Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops



**HOOTIN' ZOOTS! HERE'S A REAL
GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH
A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE
IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN
YOU WALK OR RUN!**

You'll whir with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this keen-looking new Tootsie BEANIE'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stitched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops. Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

**IT'S NEW! YOU'LL
MISS LOTS OF
FUN IF YOU DON'T
HAVE A REAL
TOOTSIE
BEANIE
'COPTER!
SEND TODAY**



TOOTSIE ROLLS
Box 331, New York 8, N. Y.

You bet I want to be first in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE-'COPTER. For each one I enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name.....

(Please Print Plainly)

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

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Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law in your state or municipality.

Offer good only in United States.



CACTUS BRAIN



BRAIN
OUT OF THE WAY



MONTE HALE

in
COYOTE
HUNT

WHEN THE COYOTE SET OUT TO STAGE A SAN PEDRO BANK HOLDUP, HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT MONTE HALE WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN THE HOTEL RIGHT NEXT TO THE BANK. HOOFS WHINE AS MONTE SETS OUT TO GET THE BAD-MAN WHO DISTURBED HIS SLEEP IN A HARD RIDING COYOTE HUNT!!

ONE DAY, ON A PANHANDLE RANCH....

SO LONG, AND I HATE TO LEAVE YOU FOLKS! BUT RAMBLING'S IN MY BLOOD. IF I EVER STAYED PUT, I'D KNOW MISS YUH! YUH!



THAR GOES THE SQUAREST HOMBRE I EVER MET!

AND THE FASTEST SHOT!

AND THE BEST-LOOKING! I... I'LL NEVER FORGIT HIM!



REAL WESTERN HERO

AS THE PRAIRIE DUSK CLOSES IN....

THIS MUST BE SAN PEDRO, NOW TO CHECK INTO THAT HOTEL FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!



SOON...

BOY! AFTER THREE MONTHS OF RIDING THE RANGE, THESE SHEETS SURE FEEL GOOD! I'M GETTING DROWSY... ALREADY....



BANG!
BANG!

HELPP!



WHAT IN THE SAM HILL IS GOING ON DOWN THERE? I'D BETTER PUT ON MY DUDS AND SEE FOR MYSELF!

BANG!
BANG!

HELP!



SOON... WHAT'S HAPPENED, MISTER? WHERE'D THOSE SHOTS COME FROM?

FROM TH' BANK NEXT DOOR, SON! IT'S A BANK HOLD-UP! AN' THAR'S MARY LOU BETTS, TH' BANK CLERK!



WHO DONE IT, MARY LOU?

WHAT DID THEY GET?

IT WUZ ONE MAN - THE COYOTE! AN' HE GOT A SHIPMENT OF BANK NOTES FROM THE EAST... \$10,000 WORTH!



REAL WESTERN HERO



MAYBE YOU CAN ANSWER ME, MISS. WHY CAN'T A POSSE CATCH THIS — THIS COYOTE CRITTER? BECUZ HE'S FAST AS LIGHTNING. HE'S LIKE A REAL COYOTE. HE ATTACKS AT NIGHT. . . . HE'S ELUSIVE AND TRICKY.... HE DISAPPEARS IN THE DESERT!

I SEE! WELL, WHERE I COME FROM, WHEN A COYOTE RAID'S OUR STOCK, WE GO AFTER HIM. WE CATCH HIM, AND WE KILL HIM!



REAL WESTERN HERO

FAR OUT ON THE PRAIRIE...

TH' FOOLS ARE COMIN'
AFTER ME, WAL, LET
THEM TRY! NO LAWMAN'S
COME CLOSE TUH THE
COYOTE YET - AND LIVED!



MAYBE I'D BETTER
TEACH THEM A
LESSON RIGHT NOW
—WITH THOSE
COTTONWOOD
TREES AHEAD!

WHAT IS THE COYOTE'S
CUNNING PLAN?



HEY, JIM! LET'S
TAKE A LOOK
THROUGH THESE
TREES, BEFORE TH'
REST OF TH' POSSE
COMES UP!

GOOD IDEA,
CARSON! TH'
COYOTE
MIGHT BB
LURKIN'
SOMEWHR
IN THAR...



PERFECT! THEY'RE COMIN'
INTUH THE GROVE. CLOSER...
...CLOSER....



AS MONTE HALE APPROACHES....

HMM! THOSE
TWO MEN RODE
INTO THE COTTON-
WOODS — BUT
I HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM
COME OUT.
THINK I'LL
INVESTIGATE...



....THE RUTHLESS OUTLAW DRAWS
HIS KNIFE!

ALL THET
STANDS
BETWEEN
THOSE TWO
MEDDLERS
AND A FALL
THET'LL MAKE
PULP OUT OF
THEM — IS TH'
ROPE! SO....,
HYAR GOES!



THE COYOTE'S KNIFE DESCENDS.



I'VE GOT TO SHOOT AWAY THAT KNIFE — AND MISS THE ROPE.



AAGH! CURSE HIM — HE GRAZED MUH HAND! TH' REST OF TH' POSSE MUST BE RIDIN' UP! I'D BETTER RUN FER IT!



PRESENTLY...

WE SHORE DO, MONTE! THET DEVIL WUZ GOIN' TUH CUT US BOTH DOWN, AN' LET US SMASH ON THOSE ROCKS BELOW!



LEAPIN' CATFISH! IF HE CUTS THAT ROPE — THEY'RE GONERS! I'D BETTER SHOOT STRAIGHT!



AS THE OUTLAW FLEES ON HIS SPEEDY GRAY HORSE...

STEADY THERE, YOU TWO! I'LL GET ANOTHER ROPE ON YOU AS SOON AS I CAN... AND HAUL YOU UP!



BUT HE'S PROBABLY GAINED A SAFE LEAD AGAIN --- IN TH' TIME IT TOOK YUH TUH RESCUE US!

CAN'T HELP THAT! SOON WELL GET FRESH MOUNTS — AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT MR. COYOTE DOES!



REAL WESTERN HERO



I THINK I'LL SASHAY OVER TO THE RIGHT WING OF THE POSSE. THE COYOTE IS LIABLE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR THOSE HILLS, IF WE GET TOO CLOSE...

AND MONTE HALE IS RIGHT! FOR AS THE HOURS PASS.....

THEY'RE STILL COMIN'... FASTER THAN EVER... THEY MUST'VE GOTTN FRESH MOUNTS! AND MUH HOSS IS GITTIN' TIRED, I'LL HAVE TUH HEAD FER THOSE HILLS..

WAIT! THAR'S ONE OF THEM COMIN'--- OUT AHEAD OF TH' OTHERS. NOW'S MUH CHANCE !





THE CUNNING COYOTE PUTS HIS OWN GRAY SUIT AND HAT ON MONTE HALE, THEN HE TIES HIM ON HIS GRAY HORSE

I'LL SEND TH' GRAY RIDIN' BACK
TOWARD TH' CENTER OF TH' POSSE.
WHEN THEY SEE HIM—THEY'LL OPEN
UP WITH BOTH BARRELS. AND MEAN-
WHILE... I'LL HEAD FER THE HILLS
ON HIS HOSS....



IT'S THE COYOTE'S
GRAY HORSE. LET'S
GO, BOYS! WE'VE
GOT HIM!



HE'S OUT COLD, PERFECT. NOW TUH
GIVE THIS HOMBRE A TASTE OF HIS
OWN MEDICINE. FIRST TUH SWITCH
OUR OUTFITS...



WHAR'S MONTE) NOPE! BUT
HALE? HAVE) LOOK -
YUH SEEN) WHUT'S THET
HIM, RAFE?) AHEAD OF US?



PANICKY, THE OUTLAW'S MUSTANG POUNDS INTO A TIRED GALLOP AS MONTE COMES TO...

OOOHH.... MY HEAD !
WHAT'S HAPPENING ?



WILL THE PURSUING LAWMEN FALL FOR
THE OUTLAW'S RUSE - AND SHOOT DOWN
MONTE HALE?

THE COYOTE DELIBERATELY SENT ME INTO THIS TRAP.... SO HE COULD ESCAPE. I'VE GOT TO STOP THE HORSE, SOMEHOW. MY ARMS ARE TIED, BUT LUCKILY, MY TEETH....



LOOK! HE'S PULLED UP. HE'S WAITIN' FER US. STOP SHOOTIN'!



...AND THIS TIME, I'VE GOT A PERSONAL REASON FOR WANTING TO CATCH UP WITH THE CRITTER!



MONTE URGES THE GRAY FORWARD! SOON, AT THE EDGE OF THE FOOTHILLS...

HIS HORSE'S TRACKS LEAD UP THIS CANYON. BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THAT FLUTTERING ON THAT CACTUS?



...AREN'T...



IT'S YUH, HALE! BUT WHAT HAPPENED... YO'RE WEARIN' THE COYOTE'S OUTFIT.... AND RIDIN' HIS HORSE? HE WAYLAIDED ME, AND THOUGHT HE'D USE ME FOR A DECOY. GUCK— UNTIE ME AND LET'S GET AFTER HIM! THIS TIME I'M SURE HE'S HEADING FOR THE HILLS!



A PIECE OF CLOTH — TORN FROM THE SHIRT THE COYOTE TOOK FROM ME, SEEMS HE WENT UP THE SIDE OF THE CANYON ON FOOT. BUT WHY?



REAL WESTERN HERO

THE ANSWER COMES
AS MONTE SEES

THERE HE IS! AND
HE'S PUSHING
A BOULDER
TO THE
EDGE OF
THE CANYON-
TRYING TO
START A
LANDSLIDE!

THE POSSE MUST BE
RIDING UP THE CANYON,
FOLLOWING HIS HORSE'S
TRAIL. THEY'LL BE
CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN
A TRAP.... UNLESS I
CAN WARN THEM!

JIM, THAT'S MONTE'S
SIGNAL FOR TROUBLE!
HE'S TRYIN' TUH WARN
US ABOUT SOMETHIN'!

LOOK!
AHEAD
OF US--
THOSE
ROCKS!



THE
POSSE
DOES NOT
HEED
MONTE'S
WARNING
A
MOMENT
TOO
SOON,
FOR....



GIVE UP?
HYAR'S MUH
ANSWER!



BUT THE GRAY OUTFIT MAKES IT
DIFFICULT TO SPOT MONTE IN THE NIGHT.

FOUR...FIVE...SIX! THAT
EMPTIES YOUR GUN, MISTER.
I NEVER KNEW A COYOTE
THAT WOULD STAND AND
FIGHT, AND IT'S MY
GUESS....

BANG!

... THAT YOU'RE NO
EXCEPTION!

OOOFF!



I'LL SHOOT- NOT WITHOUT BULLETS YOU WON'T!
THIS SHOULD MAKE UP FOR THAT
DEATH RIDE YOU
SENT ME ON-



- AND THIS SHOULD MAKE UP
FOR THAT BANK ROBBERY!



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER SAN
PEDRO!

MONTE! YUH'VE COME BACK—
WITH THE COYOTE—

- AND WITH
THE BANK
NOTES HE STOLE,
MARY LOU!

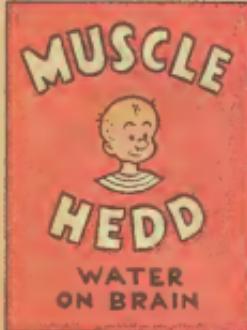


WE CAN'T
EXCEPT IN
ONE WAY,
HALE. WILL
YUH BECOME
TOWN MARSHAL
OF SAN PEDRO?

THANK YOU,
SIR, BUT I
CAN'T ACCEPT.
ALL I WANT
NOW IS...

....A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP! AND I
THINK I'VE FINALLY
EARNED THAT!





Jack's TALKING DOG

COME AND SEE JACK'S TALKING DOG

OK

WHAT CAN HE SAY?
I'LL LET HIM TALK FOR YOU

CRACKER JACK IS DELICIOUS, CRISPY CANDY-COATED POPCORN AND PEANUTS

-AND THERE'S A SURPRISE NOVELTY IN EVERY BOX

LET'S TRY IT

THE MORE YOU EAT -
THE MORE YOU WANT

LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK

AT CONFECTION COUNTERS-DRUG CANDY AND GROCERY STORES-AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS IN AMUSEMENT PARKS CIRCUSES-CARNIVALS BALL PARKS-ZOOS RESORTS AND RAILROAD DEPOTS.

LOCO LEW

"GREW-SOME" THOUGHT

TSK, TSK, IT'S AWFUL!
JEST AWFUL!

?

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
LOCO LEW?

I JEST RECEIVED
SOME TERRIBLE
NEWS FROM
HOME!

THET'S TOO BAD!
WHUT'S WRONG?

MUH KID
BROTHER
HAS THREE
FEET!

YORE KID BROTHER
HAS THREE FEET?

THET'S RIGHT.
MUH MAM SAYS
SO IN THIS
HYAR LETTER.

LISSEN. SHE WRITES: "DEAR LEW,
YORE YOUNG BROTHER HAS
JEST GROWN ANOTHER FOOT!"



KING OF THE HERD

The Story Of A Great Horse

By RICHARD KRAUS

THE VALLEY LAY white and still beneath its covering of winter snow. High on a ridge of the Sierra Madre hills stood a single horse, his hooves deep in snow. The mustang was young and powerful—and his brilliant shiny coat gleamed a powderish red against the white of the mountains. The few cowhands who had seen him racing, wild and unfettered, through the mountain reaches, had given him a name.

The name was—"Red Roan!"

Now the young stallion's sensitive nostrils flickered, as he scented the air. Then, turning his majestic head, he saw the herd. There they were, on a plateau of the hills, several hundred yards away. Fifteen wild mares, several awkward young colts... and Big Gray himself—the king of the herd.

Red Roan tossed his head in the crisp winter air and whinnied. The sound carried across to the plateau. Moments later, he heard an answering whinny from one of the mares. But the young stallion made no attempt to cross to the herd. It would mean his coming up against Big Gray again—and he did not know whether he was ready for that. For this was the herd Red Roan had grown up with. His own mother had died in foaling him, and he had been adopted by one of Big Gray's mares. Through that year and the next, he had run with the herd, first as a bony, skittish colt, and then as a tall, slender yearling.

In that time, he had learned much. What was good to eat and what was not. The danger of a coiled, gray-brown mass of rattling enmity. The two-footed creature called man—who could hurt at a distance. The four-footed wolves of the plain, who had courage only in winter and in great numbers. Most of what he learned, Red Roan absorbed from Big Gray—the mighty leader of the herd.

Then, last year, growing strong and spirited—as is the way of young stallions of the Western plains—Red Roan had challenged the older horse's command.

Battlewise and crafty, Big Gray had driven off the younger mustang. Bleeding and beaten, Red Roan recovered swiftly from his wounds. Then, though he could

no longer run with the herd, he followed close by. They were all he knew—all the friends he had. Always, he stayed at a distance, wary of Big Gray's battle prowess.

HE HAD FOLLOWED the herd until this winter. This winter—when the snows came more heavily and the cold was more penetrating than any he had known. Then, as forage grew scarce, and it became difficult to move about and find shelter on the barren hillsides, Red Roan had gone down to the plain. Alone, he had found food, though the snows continued to whirl down and the cold wind beat at his scarlet coat.

One night, as he stood in the shelter of a stand of pin oak, the roan stallion had heard the distant howling of a pack of wolves. Through the night, their famished cries came closer and closer. Then, in the morning, he could see them—huge gray forms that scuttled across the snow, in relentless search of prey.

Red Roan was afraid of no ten wolves under ordinary circumstances. But the deep snow made it difficult for him to move with his accustomed agility. And these wolves were famished—so desperate that they would attack any possible sustenance. So the young stallion swung up into the hills again, in search of the herd. There was no point in courting danger...

BUT NOW, as his deep-set dark eyes looked over at the herd, Red Roan was troubled.

For Big Gray was rounding up the mares and colts. And he was leading them, with impatient lashes of his hooves and nipping, down toward the valley floor. Evidently hunger and great snow drifts had finally decided the old leader of the herd. He would take his charges down to the valley for a respite.

But he did not know of the wolf-pack!

Red Roan whinnied, loud and clear. Again a mare answered him, but Big Gray nipped angrily at her. She fled before him—down toward the valley. Red Roan followed close behind, and kept an anxious eye on the herd. They were moving down through a narrow, snow-choked arroyo,

REAL WESTERN HERO

that led out onto the plain below. He whinnied again, desperately. The wolves! Would not Big Gray turn them back?

The old king continued to lead the herd down toward the prairie. Red Roan poised, quivering, on a little hillock. Once the wolf pack found them—they would circle the herd. Then, when night came, as their numbers grew, they would attack. They might be driven back, but they would try again, with slashing, slavering fangs. One by one, the colts would be cut out and devoured. Then, the horde of gray-furred furies would lunge at the grown horses, finally to overcome them by sheer weight of numbers.

He had to act!

Whinnying loudly, Red Roan raced down through the arroyo, his hooves kicking up great clouds of white snow.

Angrily, Big Gray whirled to meet him. Powerful and cunning, the veteran of a hundred battles—he was a dangerous opponent who had never been bested! But Red Roan was desperate. He had to turn the herd, to bring them back to the safety of the hills.

Rearing back on his hind hooves, Big Gray smashed out with pile-driving forelegs. Red Roan swerved in the nick of time, and his teeth ripped a painful furrow across the older horse's neck. Mane flying in the winter air, the graceful red stallion circled the other horse. Now, he feinted with his head to the right. As Big Gray swerved to meet the attack, Red Roan came in on his other side. Hooves thundering mighty blows, he smashed Big Gray back.

The older horse was caught off balance. He attempted to recover, but Red Roan was too lightning-fast. Again the scarlet mustang drove in, great hooves pounding a jarring tattoo.

As Red Roan rose on his hind-legs, Big Gray knew he was defeated. Winded and bleeding in a dozen spots, he turned and lunged away through the deep snow. But Red Roan had no time to exult in his triumph. Already, the noise of the battle and the acrid smell of blood on the crisp winter breeze had brought dangerous results.

"A-ooo-oooohh!"

It was the full-throated cry of the wolf pack. Red Roan's keen eyes spotted them—twenty dark forms racing over the snow of the valley floor. And there, from the distant woods, were other wolves joining them, all too eager to be in on the kill.

Red Roan's delicate nostrils flickered. He whinnied imperiously. Return! Back to the hills and safety! Immediately, the

herd swerved about, heading for the mountains. Ahead of them was the arroyo through which they had been led by Big Gray. If they could reach that, it would be impossible for the wolves to attack them in force. The arroyo meant life!

As the first of the mares plunged into the narrow defile, the wolf pack struck.

Snarling savagely, the first two wolves sprang through the air at the throat of a young colt. Red Roan met their challenge swiftly. His rock-hard hooves smashed mightily at the wolves, tossing them to the snow, like lifeless rags. Now several more wolves had come up. They lunged at the mares who were filing into the arroyo. With punishing teeth and deadly kicks, Red Roan drove them off, leaving three of them sprawled, crippled, across the white snow.

Then the wolves saw that they would have to get past Red Roan before they could attack the other horses. Howling and snarling in a savage frenzy, they launched themselves at his throat, at his fetlocks, at his flanks, at his neck. The great red stallion defended himself with unflagging courage. And from the corner of his eye, he was suddenly enheartened to see, fighting at his side, Big Gray. Seeing the peril of the herd, the erstwhile leader had returned to fight in its defense.

Thud! Smash! R-rip!

Red Roan hurled wolf after wolf away from him, trampling them in the snow, tossing them, unconscious, in the air. Beside him, Big Gray fought bravely. Then, as Red Roan's blur-fast hooves crushed the ribs of a huge lobo wolf, the attacking animals lost heart.

As one, they turned tail and fled, leaving an even dozen of their number dead in the snow.

Sides heaving, his beautiful hide slashed and torn, Red Roan turned to face Big Gray. A question was in his eyes. The older horse whinnied softly. His answer to Red Roan's question was: "You are king of the herd. You have earned that right. But let me travel with you. Soon I will be old—and helpless . . ."

RED ROAN INCLINED his noble head.

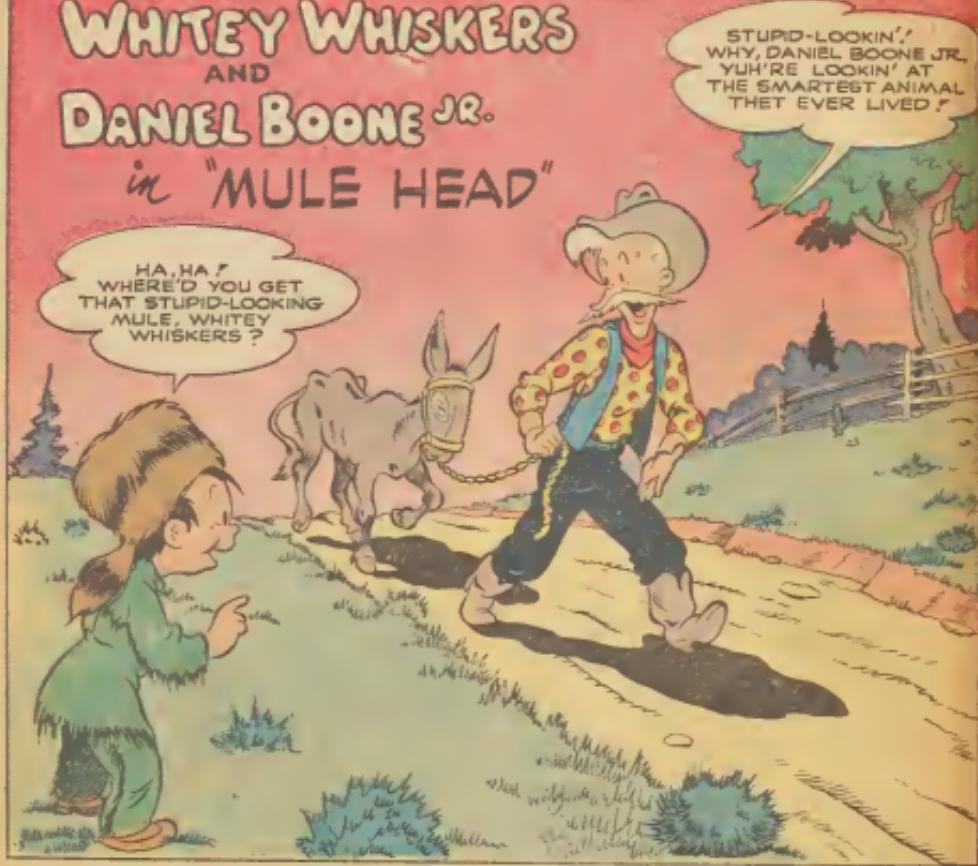
His answer was plain.

"You may come with us. But I am the king."

Together, the two horses turned, and began to climb through the snow choked arroyo, to where the herd waited for them. Big Gray went first, and Red Roan followed after. Even as he climbed, his alert eyes were on the lookout for danger. For now he was king of the herd.

THE END

WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE JR. in "MULE HEAD"



REAL WESTERN HERO

SHORE THING,
BOY, LET ME TELL
YUH ABOUT THE
TIME AH ENTERED
THIS MULE IN THE
BIGGEST HOSS
SHOW IN THE
WEST...

...THE JUDGES WERE TRYIN' TUH FIND THE
SMARTEST HOSS THAR...

WE'RE GOIN' TUH
GIVE AN ARITHMETIC
PROBLEM TUH EACH HOSS
TUH SEE WHICH ONE KIN
ADD THE BEST. BLACK-
WIND WILL GO FIRST!

IS THAT
THE TRUTH,
WHITEY
WHISKERS?



ALL RIGHT, BLACKWIND,
WRITE THE ANSWER
DOWN ON THE BLACK-
BOARD TUH THIS
PROBLEM: HOW
MUCH IS SIX
PLUS SIX?

GOSH! THET
HOSS IS
PURTY CLEVER.
HE ALMOST
GOT THE
RIGHT
ANSWER!

IT'S YORE
TURN NOW,
FLEETWING.
HOW MUCH
IS SIX
PLUS SIX?

THUT'S
WRONG
AGIN.
THE NEXT
HOSS
WILL BE...

HOLD IT,
JUDGE! IF
YUH WANT
THE CORRECT
ANSWER,
MUH MULE
WILL GIVE IT
TUH YUH!



JUMPIN'
COYOTES!
THE MULE GOT
IT RIGHT!

OF COURSE!
THIS MULE KIN
DO ANYTHIN'
WITH NUMBERS.
HE KIN....

...ADD,
SUBTRACT,
MULTIPLY
AND
DIVIDE!

WAHOO! THET
MULE IS THE
SMARTEST ANIMAL
IN THE WORLD!



REAL WESTERN HERO

"BUT THET WUZ ONLY PART OF THE CONTEST....

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTS, WE COME TUH THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE SHOW.... THE CONTEST TUH FIND OUT WHICH HOSS KIN DANCE THE BEST."

STARDUST IS THE FIRST PARTICIPANT!

BURNIN' SAGEBRUSH? LOOK AT THET HOSS? HE'S DOIN' A TAP DANCE!

"THE NEXT HOSS WUZ EVEN BETTER....

HURRAY FER CLOVER LEAF! NO HOSS KIN DANCE BETTER THAN THET!"

GOSH, OLD BOY, AH DON'T KNOW WHUT YUH KIN DO TUH BEAT THET!"

"BUT THIS MULE WUZ SO CLEVER, HE HAD ALREADY FIGURED OUT WHUT HE HAD TUH DO....

"WOW! CLOVER LEAF IS TERRIFIC! HE'S DOIN' A BALLET NUMBER!"

AND NOW WHITEY WHISKERS' MULE WILL PERFORM!

HA, HA! WHUT KIND OF DANCE KIN THET MULE DO?

HEY, WHITEY WHISKERS, STOP YORE MULE! HE'S GRABBIN' MUH WIFE!

"BUT MUH MULE KNEW WHUT HE WUZ DOIN'....

LOOK! THE MULE IS GOIN' TUH DANCE WITH THE JUDGE'S WIFE!"

REAL WESTERN HERO

CRAWLIN'
RATTLESNAKES!
HE'S JITTERBUGGIN'?

HURRAY, HURRAY!
THAT'S THE BEST
JITTERBUGGIN'
WE'VE EVER
SEEN!

THET
MULE IS
TERRIFIC!

THAR'S NO QUESTION
ABOUT IT, WHITEY WHISKERS,
YORE MULE IS BY FAR
THE MOST TALENTED
AND SMARTEST ANIMAL
HYAR, HYAR'S THE
PRIZE!

YUH SEE, SON, THIS
MULE USED HIS BRAINS!
HE KNEW HE'D MAKE A
HIT WITH THE JUDGE BY
PICKIN' HIS WIFE OUT
OF ALL THE WOMEN THAR
TUH DANCE WITH!

AH'LL PROVE TUH YUH
HOW SMART THIS MULE
IS, DANNY BOY. AH'LL
ASK HIM TUH SHOW
HOW MUCH HE LIKES
ME AND JEST WATCH
HOW HE TAKES ME
AROUND WITH
HIS TAIL.

NOW, MULEY, OLD BOY,
SHOW ME HOW MUCH
YUH LIKE ME....
AAEEE!

I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU
BEFORE, WHITEY WHISKERS,
BUT NOW I'M CONVINCED
YOUR MULE IS REALLY
SMART!

CRASH!

TOM MIX

TALES OF THE WEST ARE FILLED WITH ADVENTURE AND HEROISM! BUT THIS IS THE STORY OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF HEROISM --- THE KIND THAT CONQUERED THE WILDERNESS AND BUILT A NATION!

IT IS THE STORY OF THE HOMESTEADERS, AND THE ROARING SIX-GUNS OF MEN LIKE TOM MIX WHO HELPED THEM TO DEFEND THEIR OWN.

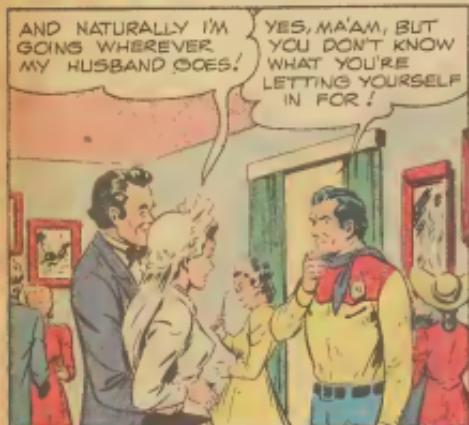
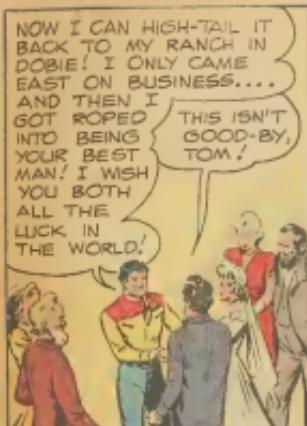
in
"GUNFIRE
DECISION!"



IT WAS AN EMBARRASSING PREDIAMENT FOR TOM MIX



REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO

GET IN THERE WITH LIZA,
SAM! I'LL HEAD THE
COACH OVER ROCKY
ROAD TO CANYON PASS!
WE'LL PICK THEM OFF
WHEN THEY FINISH THEIR
DIRTY WORK!

I'LL TAKE OVER, HANK.
GET YOUR HARDWARE
HANDY! WE'RE GOING
TO NIP THE TAIL OF
THOSE COYOTES!

GET A GONG!
GIDDYAP!

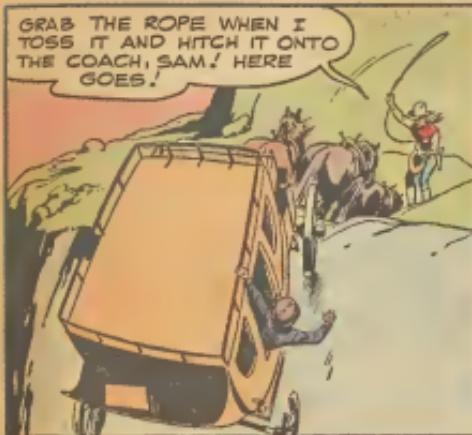


THE PULL IS TOO MUCH
FOR THE HORSES.
THERE'S ONLY ONE
CHANCE!

I HOPE THIS WILL HOLD 'ER
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME
TO USE MY ROPE!



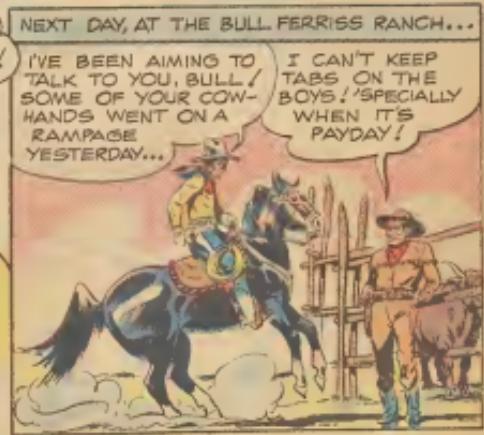
REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO



REAL WESTERN HERO

I WON'T BE SORRY, MIX!
BUT YUH WILL! AND SO
WILL THOSE DIRT FARMERS
YO'RE TRYIN' TUH
PROTECT!

MEANWHILE, THE WORK OF
REBUILDING GOES ON...

OHHH!

LIZA!
ARE YUH
HURT?

MY HANDS! UGLY
CALLOUSSES ON
LIZA! I
THERE! THEY-
REALIZE! THIS
RUINED... KIND OF WORK
ISN'T FER A
WOMAN!



ON THE OPEN PLAINS, THE COLD AND
SNOW STRIKE WITH TERRIBLE POWER...

I CAN'T STAND
MUCH MORE OF
THIS!

IT WON'T BE FER
LONG, LIZA!



WE'LL HAVE REAL
CABINS BUILT
BEFORE THE
SPRING!

JUST IN TIME TO SOW
THE WHEAT CROP!
THEN I SUPPOSE I'LL BE
WORKING IN THE FIELDS
LIKE ---A MULE!



I'LL GO CRAZY, NOW, LIZA,
SAM! YOU'VE YUH JEST NEED
GOT TO A LITTLE RELAX-
TAKE ME ATION! SOME OF
BACK, THE SETTLERS ARE
EAST! GOING INTO DOBIE
TONIGHT! I'LL TAKE
YUH ALONG!



LATER, IN DOBIE....

LOOK, SHERIFF! IT'S
THE HOMESTEADERS
FROM DRY GULCH!



SOUND MIGHTY HAPPY
FER FOLKS WHO'VE HAD
SO MUCH TROUBLE!

REAL WESTERN HERO

WEST WHAR DO
YUH THINK YORE
HEADIN'?

WE JEST AIM TUH
ENJOY A LITTLE
DANCING, BULL! DON'T
START TROUBLE!

DOBIE
DANCE
HALL

I DON'T NEED YORE
ADVICE, YUH DIRT
FARMER!

OHHH!

POW!

LIKE TUH DANCE, GREYBEARD?
HYAR'S YORE CHANCE!

HA-HA-HA!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

WHA--?

BANG

I WOULDN'T PULL THAT
GUN, BULL FERRISS! OR
NEXT TIME I MIGHT
TAKE A
DIFFERENT YUH CAN'T Toss
AIM....
LEAD AT MUH
BOYS THET WAY, MIX!
YUH'LL BE SORRY
FER THIS!

LET'S GO! THIS HYAR TOWN
IS CITTIN' TUH SMELL
LIKE A DIRT FARM!

THANKS, TOM! I DID THEM
BUT YUH A FAVOR.
SHOULDN'T IF I HADN'T
MIXED ...ER....RE-
MOVED THEIR GUNS, MIKE

SHAW, HERE,
WOULD BE CLAPPED
THEM INTO JAIL FOR
DISTURBING THE
PEACE!



REAL WESTERN HERO

MEANWHILE ...

SHORE IS BRUTAL WEATHER, BULL!

THE CATTLE ARE HAVIN' A TOUGH ENUF TIME FINDIN' FEED ---- WITHOUT HOME - STEADERS CUTTIN' INTUH OUR RANGE GRASS!

I'VE WAITED LONG ENUF! WE'RE GONNA PUSH THOSE NO-GOOD DIRT FARMERS RIGHT OUTA OUR STATE!

GOOD FER YUH, BULL!

SOON AFTERWARD

HYAR IT IS, LIZA! OUR NEW HOME! 'COURSE, IT'S STILL KINDA BARE, BUT WE'LL MAKE IT REAL NICE AND HOMELIKE... NOT ME, SAM!

I'VE WAITED UNTIL NOW TO TELL YOU! I'VE SACRIFICED ENOUGH! I'M GOING BACK EAST....

BUT, LIZA...

YAHOO!

BANG! BANG!

BANG!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE MASKED RAIDERS! THEY'RE BACK!

OHHH!

BANG! BANG!

OUR FRIENDS ARE IN TOWN BUIN' SEED FOR THE SPRINGS PLANTIN'! RECKON I WON'T BE ABLE TUH HOLD 'EM OFF LONG!

THEY'LL BURN THE HOUSES DOWN LIKE THEY DID BEFORE!

REAL WESTERN HERO

ALL OUR WORK---EVERYTHING SAM AND I FOUGHT SO HARD TO BUILD! I WON'T LET THEM DESTROY IT! I WON'T!



IT'S TEN MILES TO DOBIE! I'LL GET THE SHERIFF!



GIDDYAP!
OH, PLEASE, DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN NOW!



HASN'T BIN AN ANSWERIN' SHOT FROM THE HOUSE IN SOME TIME. BULL! HE'S PROB'LY OUTA AMMUNITION! WE'LL RUSH HIM!



YAHOO!



THEN!

THIS IS THE LAST ROUNDPUP, BULL! -

RUN FER IT!
IT'S MIX!

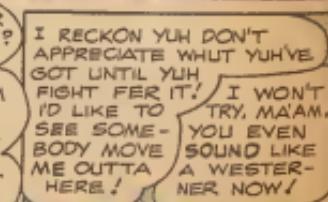
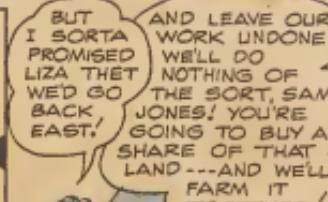
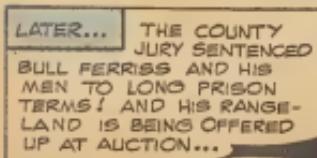


THIS VARMINT WOULD RATHER SHOOT THAN RUN!

UHHHHH!
WHACK!



REAL WESTERN HERO



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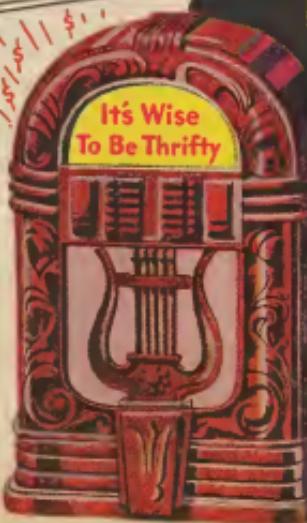
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AS IT FLASHES:**

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ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

DUEL IN THE SAND



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THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration
by Michael Turner



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